RECENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

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Paris, October 31, 1860.

Le Vienz Williams, as the French funnily perchet in styling a poet who died at the age of 52, never said a truer thing among the wondrous multitude of truths he uttered, than that—

Offentimes excessing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patched—

which truth notwithstanding, I risk giving the apologetic reason why I have pt so long silence about French books. 1 d to begin with speaking of Merlin l'Encha. remarkable book that has appeared in France this senson, not to say in these last years. It has been largely remarked upon, as it deserved to be. Friendly and unfriendly, strong and feeble reviewers have filled feuilletons and whole pages of journals, and sheets of statelier periodicals, with notices, analyses, criticisms, interpretations. None of them has succeeded in conveying a satisfactory notion of what this singular work is. Seeing that they, with the advantage of native ability, and knowledge of the language in which it is written, and high culture and paper room and verge enough, had failed, it was natural that your unprofitable servant should put off and put off the writing of his cramped descriptive half column, which can not tell the whole truth, though an even successful. For in such case part truth may come to much the same thing as falsehood. Hercules, indeed, may be known by his foot-to those who already know Hercules; nothing but that in a photograph album would not give a very correct idea of the whole demigod's preportions and of his works.

Merlin l'Enchanteur is a poem filling two octave volumes of prose—poetical prose—which is worse, if possible, than English hexameters. Written by Edgar Quinet, it is made, on the whole, tolerable, and is often purely apt and beautiful; but it still remains poetical prose, doing violence to the language of Voltaire and doing violence to the language of Bossuet. M. Quinet says that his purpose was to open new routes to the fancy, to revive French magination, to revive rather than create a national poetry based on the old national poetical traditions. The purpose is admirable; the trouble is that, though the old story of Merlin may be of French erigin, it is not to-day national. This purpose was conceived thirty years ago. This poem, which is to express it, was actually commenced in Belgium in 1863, and finished in Switzerland in 1860; begun and ended, the super emmently French work of an ardently patriotic Frenchman, in of an ardently patriotic Frenchman exile-political exile, of late years a untary and all the nobler exile! This is mentioned for the sake of introducing polities into a strictly literary theme, but to show the spirit of the man, which is the spirit of the book. It is the work, of all his works, by which M. Quinet derives to be judged. Into no other has he put so much of himself. "The legend of the human soul, " on to death and beyond death, that is my subject.
" To reconcile all legends by carrying them back to one; to find in the human heart the final close bond of all popular and national traditions; to connect them in one coordinate harmonious ac-"tion; to bind together the discordant world that "the imagination of the peoples has enchanted-" such is the task I have ventured to undertake." Surely a very noble task, nobly entered upon, sin cerely labored at-not succeeded in, I should say, as a whole, but grand and honorable to the author, even in its failure. The poem is so extensive in mere mateterial volume and in its range of subjects, reing " from heaven through the world to hell," as to render brief analysis impossible, let alone its compli-cations of exoteric and esoteric allegory and symbol-ism, as to whose meaning the ablest and most friendly crities are in doubt; or at best leaving the reader of their ingenious lucubrations in the doubt where the reading of the poem left him. Its unity, apart from what Quinet's simply rhetorical style and the bookbinder's handiwork gives it, consists in a characteristic largeness and generosity and humanity of expression, thought, and feeling. The direct charm of the beek, despite its poetical prose and its unfathomable general drift, lies in numerous passages of descrip-tion and reflection, full of light and air and calm and fairy beauty or fantastic invention. But my hal column is nearly occupied. Of the seven most capable notices and reviews of Merlin F Enchanteur, let me quote, in conclusion, from one: "Criticism of such a work is impossible, and the most abun-" dant citations could give but an incomplete ide " of it. And were this criticism possible, I should "feel a repugnance in making it; I have so little liking for this amalgam of all sorts of ideas, tones, " and styles: I find in different parts of the book such disagreeable contrasts between the littleness "many things that shock my taste, mingled with so many others that delight me, that I should fear to be unjust toward a writer whose principles llove. "whose principles I love, whose character I honor, " and whose genius I admire. There are two men in the author of Merlin; the one speaks with au " therity and great talent, the language of reason-"he is judicious, thoughtful, perspicacious; the ** other disregards all rational temperance, prudence ** curb, and bounds; be indulges without restraint in " all the caprices of his brilliant imagination, and to the most incredible excentricities For me, Merlin l'Enchanteur is a grand and beautiful picture, whose frame I do " But take it as it is, it deserves to be and will be " read, with pleasure and with profit. It is in-" spired by a grand and suggestive idea; the reader will find it marked throughout with the stamp of " a pure soul, a noble nature, and a superior inte "lect. It provokes meditation on the highest themes, it elevates our hearts and strengthens

Monsieur le Comte de Montalembert is perhaps the first orator in France. It is pity he had not studied for the Church; he would have a place to speak in, and would successfully dispute the prize of French cotemporaneous pulpit eloquence with Father Lacordaire. No longer baving access to the tribune, shut out even from the Legislative Body, where his indomitable courage broke through the restraints imposed on and accepted by nearly all its members, in a way to shame them and alarm their master for the dangerous effects of such mutinous example, Montalembert has transferred to written pages all the boldness, brilliance, and paradox that used to distinguish him among illustrio ators in the parhamentary contests under Louis Phi-Lippe and the Republic. His letter to Cavourthis week is a philippic, and eminently characteristic of the vehement, aggressive, abusive (it cannot b man; vehement, aggressive, abusive (it cannot be denied that Cavour had given provocation), but not vulgarly so; too fearlessly confident and eager in assault on the enemy's position to guard his own. His articles in the Correspondant are printed speeches, which his imperial opponent in replies to by fine and imprisonment. M. de Montambert is now a brave and generous champion of Liberty, as he understands it—i. e., of parliament-ry liberty of speech for the superior classes, and of liberty for the Church-i. e., the Roman Apostolic Catholic Church. Under the late Republic, he was one of the ablest and most violent assailants of popular liberty. of liberty d la M Were the world under the regime of liberty a la Montalembert, men like Proudhon would be as bardly served as they now are by Louis Napoleon; and men with views like those say of our New-England ancestors (let alone some of our New-England cotemporaries) would be as hardly served-us they served the Quakers, and would, opportunity had offered, have served the Roman Catholics. M. de Montalembert probably would deny that he prenches political doctrine tending to such result, as he surely is too generous himself, being out of power, to wish it practiced with such result. He would doubtless deny that there i any inconsistency in his letter to Cavour, where he says Venice should be rescued from the Austrians, but that the rescuing from their control of the Duchies and Naples is a crime; that Venetia belongs to the Italians, but that the ex-Papal States belong to foreigners, and an infallibly despotic sovereign although " a free Church in a free State is his ideal

The first two volumes of his great work were published last July; it is to be completed in six volumestly composed of the dealers who cluster around

umes; he has been laboring upon it for many years; it is dedicated by permission to Pope Pius IX.; it is entitled. Les Maines d'Occident—The Wostern Monks, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard. These are two volumes of magnificent historical orations, or historical sermons; an enthusiastic, but not in-discriminate laudation of the European political, socul and religious state in the middle ages; a enlogy or monachism and of the early monks and bermits whose saintly aureoles, seen now through the magnilying mist of time by the warm light of imagination, stine with a new and glorious splendor in the fires of Montalerabert's cloquence. Hand grenades and sky-rockets, petards and Roman candles, lance thrusts and flashing sword strokes, and downright blows from polished battle-ax, are cast out, dashed out right and left at the revolution, and at Louis Veuillot and at Louis Napoleon and at monachism and monks themselves of a later degenerate age. All modern and ancient arms, strangely mingled, are good in the hands of this zealous knightly, priestly, parliamentary, academical, mid dle-aged, modern, independent volunteer formally enlisted under the banners of infallible authority and of Freedom. Imagine Garibaldi in violet stockings and a red hair-shirt, charging for Francis II. with lance in rest and an improved Colt's pistol in his girdle; imagine the Rev. Thomas Hill illuminating horn books for the use of students in Antioch College; imagine Robert Fulton getting his eulogy of seew-boats struck off at a steam press; imagine Mr. Rerey "witching the world with noble horsemanship," on Cruiser's back, with his face to the tail.

BOARD OF COPY OF CARPASKERS.

On the purely literary side, Les Moines d'Occident is a masterpiece, and singularly captivating to any reader whose attention is not distracted by his any reader whose attention is not distracted by his prejudices. Nor is it all wanting in historical truth and political wisdom. As to the first point, an ardent but sincere admirer of monachism, which from the simple fact of its wide prevalence and long existence must, it is evident, have had its base in a great hun an want that it more or less satisfactorily met, is quite as likely to rightly appreciate its real essence and worth, as an ardent and sincere detester of it. Not only the most readable, but on the whole, the most faithful biographies are those where the biographers have "fallen in love" with their subject. It would be unjust not to add, that no one, within rational limits, has spoken more severely then does Montalembert of the later degeneracy and corruption of monks and monasteries; and that he is no advocate of a restoration of ancient monachism in our time and State.

Figurer's fourth and closing volume of L'Histoire du Mertilleux dans le Temps Moderne, treats of frisky tables and other furniture of mediums and spirits. It is not necessary to reiterate what was said of his method of treating the interesting class of subjects coming under the general title of his work, on occasion of the appearance of its earlier volumes. He is a Bacoman physician and natural-ist. Apart from any value his book may have, as furnishing an explanation by physical laws of curious phenomera, it has a considerable merit for the excellent clearness and order of its statement of these phenomena. Volume fourth, for example opens with a history of Caghostro, his wonder words and works, which, for the two excellect qualities of brevity and completeness, quite surpasses any other account I have of that prince of thaumaturgy. Folks who do not "believe in Hume" will be entertained and encouraged in their unbelief by reading this story of his predecersor and superior. Those, on the con-trary, who do believe in Hume and humiomatics, and the higher agency of hobgol-lins, and supernaturalisms generally, and yet are not fallen off into manacled free-thinking, but hold with fear and trembling their high respect for the devil and all his works-will lugabriously enjoy an octave volume fresh last week from the Parisian press. Its title is, La Magie au dix-neuvième Scele, etc.-Magie in the Nineteenth Century, its agents, its truth, its falsities, by Gougenot des M Scaux, author of Dien et les Dienz—God and the Gods. M. des Monsseaux is knightly and noble, a Legitimist, and does not believe in all the good old times, good old dogmas. "Old Nick," and whatever else is reputable from age. The gist of the bookwhich is anything but a stupid one-expressed in briefest formula, is: "The Devil is in it. only read half its pages; judging of the rest from them, from previous knowledge of similar supernaturalist theoricians, and from the opinion of Father Ventura, who has read all of them, and expressed his views about them in a letter addiesed to the author, which occupies the preliminary trio of them; wherein, among other good things the celebrated preacher and ex-general of the order of the Theatins writes these: "Satan, said Volteire, 'is Christianity; no Satan no Christianism.'
'It may, then be affirmed that the masterwork of
'Satan is to have succeeded in getting himself denied. To demonstrate the existence of Satan is to reëstablish one of the fundamental dogmas which are the bases of Christianity, and wanting which it is only a word. Such are the thoughts suggested to me at first by the perusal of your work, Magic in the XIXth Century, etc.' But magic, mesmerism, magnetism, spiritism, hypnotism, are nothing else than Satanism ... You have treated your subject in a masterly manner. Your vast knowledge, your immense crudition, make evi-dent the incontestable reality of the facts. Your inexorable logic demonstrates their supernatural quality, and their demoniscal character," and so

I have only room left for titles of a few other noticeable books: Histoire Politique des Papes—Political History of the Popes, by P. Lanfrey, I vol. 18mo; La Suicide Politique en France—Political Suicide in France, treated physiologically and psychologically, by Dr. Des Etangs; Histoire de la Maison de Sazoie—History of the House of Saxoy, a historico-political pamphlet in defense of Victor Emanuel's Italian mission, by a former correspondent of The Tribune, the Princess Christine Trivulce de Belgioioso, rather enthusiastic than argumentative; Documents et Pieces Authentiques—Decuments and authentic writings left by Daniel Manin, translated into French and annotated in 2 vols., 8vo; a complement to Henri Marlin's Life of the President of the Venetian Republic, the best and greatest that modern Italy, not to say the cotemporaneous world, has produced; Deux Jeanes Filles Lettres—Two Literaryish Young Ladies, two Chinese porcelain blue-stockings, one of the standard Chinese novels, a Chinese curiosity with a learned and entertaining preface by the translator, Stanislas Julien, academician and Professor of Chinese Language and Literature in the

School of Living Eastern Languages.

Jumping now many books that should not be left unmentioned, we come to Edmund About's Rome Contemporaine. It is the continuation and completion of a feuilleton begun in the Moniteur three years ago, and interrupted at the request of the Papal Nuncio here. He had better let it go on. It would have saved him and his the putting of La Question Romaine. I will speak of it to-morrow.

LITERARY.

-The really sound state of the book trade, if left to itself, and not interfered with by disturbing political agitations, is shown by the success which has just attended Mesers. Bangs, Merwin & Co's Fall parcel sale. The chief feature of the sale was a fine supply of choice English books consigned from various foreign houses, and including a large invoice from Mr. Henry G. Bohn of London, who, whether as the original publisher or by purchase of what are technically called "remainders" of editions from other houses, is proprietor of many of the most splendid illustrated works of modern times, and one of the largest owners of literary roperty in the world. Mr. Bobn's precent invoice howed many additions to his former list, including numercus recent purchases from Mesers. Murray and Longmans of works that, though past their " first youth, are of very appropriate character for libraries, as Ranke's Reformation in Germany," by Mrs. Austen, vols., 8vo.; "Lord Holland's Memoirs of the Whigh Party and Reminiscences;" Hac's "Christianity in China," 3 vols., 8vo.; Gleig's Essays, from the Edin burgh and Quarterly, 2 vols.; Chalyban's "Speculave Philosophy on Germany," Evo.; Wiffen's "Me meir's of the Russells," 2 vols.; Kemp's "Phasis of Matter," 2 vols., &c. The prices generally realized were very fair, and the buyers included representatives of firms in Washington, Phitsburgh, Boston, Baltimore, Providence, &c. The New-York Trade was

Nasata and Fulton streets, where, owing to the advanced rents which have driven nearly all the retail booksellers out of Breadway, the most active retail trade in books is now centered. Probably more than half of Mr. Burtin's library was purchased to sell again by booksellers in these neighboring localities, and it is understood these dramatic rarities have been sought for with so much avidity by the public that the speculation was an excellent one, and few of the lots yet remain on hand.

yet remain on hand.

—A Mr. George Finlay, a Scotch gentleman long domesticated at Athens, is about to complete his studies of Greek History by a "Historical Account of the Greek Revolution from its Commencement in 1821 to 1843." Messrs. Blackwood of Edinburgh are the publishers. They also issue Mr. Finlay's other works." History of the Byzantine Empire," 2 vols., and "Greece, Roman, Mediaeval, and under Ottoman and Venetian Dominion," 3 vols., so that the new work will form the natural complement of the series, which may be recommended as throwing more light on an obscure but important chapter of the history of the world than any works since the days of Gibbon.

-Two books, on the universally interesting subject of "Names," are just brought out-one by Mr. M. A. Lewes, an explanatory "Dictionary of English Family Names," alphabetically arranged, and to which the author's well-known "Dissertation on Surnames" (2 vols., post 8vo.), bear the relation of a grammar of the subject; and the other by the Scottish antiquary, Cosmo Junes, quaintly entitled, "Concerning some Scotch Surnames," a valuable little treatise, full of the most curious and recondite illustration of the subject, from the overflowing mediaval learning of the writer. finds an argument against the antiquity of the B rder Ballade, in the fact that the great baronial namesthe De Vereis, the De Morevils, the De Vepents, the De Normanvils, the Avenels, the De Balleds," etc., the Lords of Tweedside, are now utterly unknown to the traditions of the country where their forefathers ruled as princes, and that consequently these traditions, &c., must be of comparatively modern date.

—The veteran French bibliographer, I. M. Querard, who is famous for commencing books and never finishing them, has at last issued the concluding part of his work, unique in literature. Les Supercheries Litteraires, devoitées. The object of the book is to show the real authors of books, and to unmask the pretentious and apocryphal assumptions, which, to the confusion of trush, are allowed to prevail in modera French literature. The literary factory of Alexander Dumas was first exposed by M. Querard, and his work abounds in similar revelations.

—The pressic character of the Swiss seems to find delights in stripping their ancient annals of all the fair flowers of fancy that have usurped the field of strict and dull eligible flowers. William Tell, archer, apple, and all, has long been relegated from the clear day of history to the twilight of popular tradition, and setdown as a mere mythe, and now Dr. Ottolar Lorentry has taken pains to prove that the story of Acnold von Winkelried's heroic death at the battle of Sempach, and how he broke the serried phalanx of the enemy by gathering in his breast "a sheaf of Austrian spears," is equally unworthy of credit, being unknown to the cotemporary narmors of the event, and only making its appearance some hundred years afterward.

—The leng looked for work of Dr. Ellicott, Professor of Divinity, King's College, London, "Historical Lectures on the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ," which were delivered in 1859, is just published in London by J. W. Parker & Sen, and is now reprinting by Messrs, Gould & Lincoln of Boston. Professor Ellicott's volume of Critical Commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles, are also announced for American republication by W. L. Drayer of Andover, Mass.

The expected "Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. (Thrale) Piozzi," soon to be issued by Mr. Bentley, will contain four engravings from one of Hogarth's best but least known pictures, "The Ledy's Last Suke." from the original in the possession of Lord Charlement, which has only been once previously engraved. Mrs. Piozzi sat to the artist for the Leroine, or unsuccessful figure, a fact which renders it remarkable that no mention occurs of Hogarth in the Johnstonian Cycle of Friends and Admirers, as chronicled by the faithful Boswell.

-" Carlabs in Search of—a Cook! with divers receitts, and other delectable things relating to the Gastronome Art," is a little English book that should certainly be reprinted here, if the importance of the subject and the ingenuity of its title are considered, though the research would be a hopeless one, there is too much reason to fear, in New-York.

—If the character and position in History of the Duke of Wellington is misunderstood by posterity, it will not be for want of documentary evidence. In addition to the ample biographies lately published by Capt. de Brialmont, the Rev. Mr. Gleig, and Mr. Yonge, Lieut.-Col. Edward Humley is just bringing out "The Career of Wellington, a Military and Political Summary." Col. Humley possesses qualities as a writer that rarely meet in one person, as many who have laughed over his "Lady Lee's Courtship," or studied profressionally his "Siege of Sebastopol," can testify, and an interesting and graphic summing up of the Iron Duke's services may be expected from him.

-Persons who are attracted by a euphonious title will find a world of promise in Messes. Edmonstone & Douglas's new book, Scann, Sycalachdun Gaiderlack, which a second title condescends to inform the illiterate reader really means, in Gaelic, nothing more alarming than "Popular Traditions of the Western Highlands of Scotland, orally collected, with a Translation," by J. Campbell. Some interesting gleaning from the field of Folk Lore may be looked for, as, in spite of all that has been written on the Ossian controversy, there has been surprisingly little recurrence to the main source of information, the people themselves, and the subject has been debated rather from the propossessions of the combatants, than with any personal and accurate knowledge of facts. -The admirers of Burns will be glad to hear of an

opportunity soon to occur for securing a relic of Scotia's durling son. On December 19, Messrs, Pattoch & Simpson of London will offer for sale eighty letters and poems, in the original antograph of Robert Burns, including the first sketch (hot from the poet's brain), of "Scots wha hae with Wallace bled," and the originals of reveral other of his most popular songs and poems. That some of these will find their way across the Atlantic may be regarded as certain.

—A valuable addition has lately been made to the library at Munich by the receipt of the fine collection of books of the late Etienne Quarremere, recently purchased in Paris by the Bavarian Government, and the deportation of which from the French capital has caused much literary animadversion, and regret. Like most French collectors, M. Quatremere was very choice in the binding and condition of his copies, a thing little valued in Germany, where the niceties of the bibliomania have never been appreciated, and books are more valued for their contents. A New-York Professor, lately returned from a continental tour, reports the number of duplicates in this Munich Library as one handred thousand volumes, which might be purchased on liberal terms.

which might be purchased on liberal terms. -Mr. Hepworth Dixon has sent the early sheets of his "Personal Memoirs of Lord Bacon" to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who will issue the interesting work simultaneously with its appearance in England. The new and precious letters which Mr. Dixon has discovered in a famous old baronial residence, near London, will be of great importance in forming a just estimate of Bacon's domestic character. Some of these letters were written to his mother, many to his brother Anthony, not a few to Sir Robert Cecil, and to his numerous other celebrated friends. The correspondence of Lady Bacon is also most valuable. All the circumstances of Bacon's courtship and marriage are amply related by Mr. Dixon, from documents hith erto unpublished. The book will be welcomed far and wide as a most interesting addition to literature.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

-It seems that Mr. Hall of the American Franklin Research Expedition, who, in spite of the loss of his invaluable Eskimo friend, sends home from Greenland letter full of hope, will soon be followed by an English party with objects similar to his own. Capt. Parker Snow has been compelled to abandon his favorite idea of an expedition by way of Behring Straits in search of further relics of the Erebus and Terror, the fund subscribed being insufficient for such a purpose. He now proposes a well-equipped boat party, leave England in the early Spring, and reach King William's Land from the east. The sum already collected will amply suffice to fit out such a party. The preliminary expenses necessary in laying Capt. Snow's views before the public have all been borne by an English lady, whose name is not given, but the London journals state that it is not Lady Franklin.

—Ulfsber, Iceland, was lately the scene of a most remarkable mirage. Several ships were seen sailing through the air in a line apparently some miles in extent; some appeared at anchor near a fortress built on a tock; others seemed to approach so near the coast but the spectators could see through the clear atmosphere the images of sailors at work in the rigging.

Mr. T. you Heuglin, who proposes to visit Waday,

in Central Africa, in order to ascertain definitely the circumstances attending Vogel's death, has lately published the first part of an account of a voyage made along the coast of the Red Sea, and through the lands of the Semali, in 1857. While Austrian Consul at Kharteum, Mr. von Heuglin found it necessary to visit Caire. When about to return, he resolved to pursue a carcuitous course by way of the Straits of Bab-el-Mardeb, rather than to follow the route already familiar to him up the Nile and across the Deserts of Korosko and Bajuda. In company with a fellow-countryman, he accordingly left Cairo May 18, and accended the Nile as far as Denderah. Having made a brief excurrien to the ruins of Thebes and Luxor, the party returned to Keneh, on the eastern side of the river, nearly opposite Denderah. Here, on the 17th of June, they took leave of the Nile, and turned their steps toward the Red Sea. For the first day or two the route lay through a pleasant region, dotted with palm-shaded Arabic villaces. Then came a strip of desert, two days' journey in extent, followed by chalk hills and mountains of sandstone and porphyry. Through the long narrow passes and picturesque scenery of these mountains the party descended to the coast at Cosseir. This town, built within a few miles of the site of the ancient Philotera, lies in 26° 7' N. lat., is inhabited chiefly by Egyptians and Arabs, contains many bazaars, two nerques, and a small fort, and derives some commercial in portance from the fact of its being a port of exportation for the fertile grain region of the valley of the Nile, and the place where many of the Egyptian pilgrims embark for Jiddah on their way to Mecca. At this point Mr. von Houglin and his companion engaged an Arabic vessel in which they followed the custern coast of the Red Sa to its junction with the Indian Ocean. Among the towns at which they touched were Sariakin, in lat. 190 8', N., long, 37 24' E., the capital of the province of the same name and containing a mixed population of 6,000 to 8,000 people, and Massaua in the gulf of Arkiko, whose in abitants speak a Shemitic dialect. They visited also the Archipelago of Linhlak, a group of islands of volcanic formation, the sest of important pearl fisheries which fills the eastern portion of the Red Sea, between 150 25' and 162 36' N. lat., and between 330 25' and 40° E. leng. The largest of this insular group, Dallak et Kebir, has been supposed by some autho to be the Ophir of Scripture. South of this the African coast is inhabited by the Domhoido-Danakil, a semi-nemadic tribe resembling the Eastern Abyssinians. Crossing the sea, Mr. von Heuglin made a short sojourn at Mocha, whose exportation of since the English took possession of Aden has diminished by eighty per cent. The transportation of the Mocha coffee to Aden by caravan is preferred in order to avoid the exactions of the Turkish Custom House officials. The island of Majun or Perim is decrited by the German traveler as lying at the narrow est part of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and commanding the commerce of the Red Sea. By the exertions of England it is fast becoming a second Gibraliar. The

of England it is fast becoming a second Gibrahar. The view from its hights, formed by the debris of an extinct volcane, extends to the Arabic mountains on the east and the North African ranges on the west. On the 19th of September Mr. von Heuglin dropped anchor in the harbor of Tedjara, the capital of Adail, whence he pursued his journey, across the country of the barbarons Sensali, to Khartoum. His pleasing narrative abounds in descriptions of Greek, Roman and Arabic ruins, of mountain and coast scenery, of the trade and population of the towns which he visited, and of the character of the different races which frequent the shores of the Red Sea. In natural history, topography, philology and statistics he seems to be equally at home.

—La Tour du Monde is the title of a profusely illus—The tale of M

-La Tour du Monde is the title of a profusely illustrated geographical journal, which has been published weekly at Paris since the beginning of the present year, under the direction of Edouard Charton. The object of the new periodical is to give popular accounts of late voyages. Several well-known members of the French Geographical Society are among its contributors.

-Two extra numbers of Petermann's Mittheilunger have been lately issued. One of them contains a nar rative by Dr. Barth of a journey which that distinguslad traveler made in 1858, from Trebizond through the northern portion of Asia Minor to Scutari. Beside the interesting topographical description of the route traversed, Dr. Barth gives much novel archeological information concerning the ancient Poatus, Cannadocia. Galatia and Phrygia. The other brochure, which, like the one just mentioned, is illustrated with maps by Petermann, is the account of a journey across the Andes by Von Tschudi, whose works on Peru have been widely circulated, also performed in 1858. Starting from Cordova, in the Argentine Confederation, the author passed through Catamanca, Santa Maria, San Pedro de Atacoma to Cobija, a Bolivian port on the Pacific.

—In some recent statistics of earthquakes by Prof. Ansted, the English geologist, it is stated that the reported number of these phenomens from the earliest ages to 1850 is over 7,000. From 1500 to 1800 there occurred 2,804 earthquakes, and from 1800 to 1850, 3,240. The average for the present century is about one a week. Of the number annually occurring only about one in forty is of such violence as to cause destruction of life or property. Prof. Ansted contends that the sun, moon, light, heat, the magnetic currents of the earth and the changes of the atmosphere all exercise more or less influence in causing these agitations of the earth's crust.

-A correspondent of THE TRIBUNE residing at Suchil, in Mexico, states that Ventosa, the Pacific terminus of the Tehnantepec route, is a roudstoad formed by a promontory of yellow granitic rock, which runs out into the ocean, affording shelter from westerly winds but leaving the entrance otherwise quite ex posed. To render the barbor perfectly safe, a break water of about half a mile in length is necessary. On our correspondent's arrival at Ventosa, in 1857, only one shanty was to be seen, but the late Tehuantepe Transit Company afterward erected some buildings which are now fast falling into decay. The Mexican Government has declared the harbor a port of entry and it maintains here a coast guard of a few hungry soldiers; but there is, unfortunately, nothing to be en-tered. The wagon road, built by the Tebuanteper Railroad Company from Ventoca on the Pacific to a point near Minititlan on the Atlantic, passes over a prairie and rolling country of promising agricultural character, and is 2424 miles in length. The distance between the two points in an air line is 135 miles. There are said to be three different climates on the Isthmus. In the plain of Teheantepee and along the Pacific coast the rainy season sets in during the mouth

Prieto, with its prolongation, is the climatic boundary between the Pacific division and the central table lands. Here the rainy season lasts longer, the heat is more moderate, the nights are cool and pleasant, thunder-storms are infrequent, and the whole region is the healthiest on the Isthmus. Further north, again, toward the Atlantic level, there is much more moisture, thunder-storms are very frequent, the dews are heavy, in the dry season the surface of the earth becomes parched, and the heat is sometimes almost insupportable. But, on the whole, our informant considers the lethmus of Tehnantepec healthy. In most parts the air is pure and clear, the heat produces perspiration, and leads in breathing to no feeling of oppression.

—Alphonse and Robert Schlagintweit are busily engaged in preparing the marrative of their explorations among the Himalayas and in Central Asia. It will form uine large volumes, accompanied by a large atlas. It will comprise the observations of all kinds made by the authors in that vast region lying between Ceylon and Kasbgar, Scinde and Assam, between the 38th and 65th degrees of north latitude and the 64th and 94th degrees east longitude. The first volume already issued contains the astronomical and magnetic observations; the others will treat of the meteorology, geology, botany, zoōlogy, philology, ethnology, and topography of the explored region.

The Prussian embassy in Persia to which Henry Brugssh, the famous philologist and Egypthologist, a attached, ascended lately the volcanic mounsin of Demayend, about fifty miles north of he Persian capital. Leaving Teheran, in company with three Englishmen, the members of the Furbassy reached the foot of the mountain on the 26th of July, and on the 26th found themselves at its summit. On the margin of the crater the hyprometical measurements were made, and the hight of the mountain, heretofore estimated at 13,700 to 14,000 feet, definitely ascertained to be between 19,000 and 20,000.

ART ITEMS. .

-Mr. Regis Gignoux, our Franco-American landscape painter, having determined on a removal to Paris, for an indefinite period, is about to make a clearing-cut sale of the very fine collection of studies of American scenary which he has made since his residence in this country. These "studies" are the fruits of his visits to the most picturesque parts of the United States and Canada during the past eighteen years.

-Three very lovely pictures were received here ast week from Mr. J. T. Peele, who is still residing at Douglas, in the Isle of Man. The largest of them is one of the finest that he has sent to this country, and shows a very marked advance in his style. It is called The Tired Playfellows," and represents a golden aired young girl, who has fallen asleep on a mossy ank while playing with her pet lamb and gost, which are quietly resting by her side. The subject is one which affords opportunity for the full exercise of his enius, and he has never employed it with happier effect ban in this instance. It is a refreshing delight to gaze upon a picture of such pastoral sweetness and beauty. The only regret one feels in looking at the pictures of this artist is that he will not, or cannot, bestow a little more care upon his accessories, and make his landscapes more worthy of the figures he places upon them. This delicious picture was painted for an excellent association in Troy, whose object is to afford encouragement o art. Twenty members subscribe \$100 annually to form a fund for the purchase of pictures, and to give ommissions to artists. The pictures obtained by this neans are first exhibited to the public, and then distributed by lot among the members, while the proceeds of the exhibition go the accumulation of a fund for the formation of a permanent public picture-gallery. The amount of good accomplished by such an inconsiderable expenditure will be very great.

-Mr. Schaus has received a painting by Prof. Van Lerius of Antwerp, the exquisite finish of which is marveleus, even for the Belgian school of genre art; it is called "Cinderella," but the heroine of the glass slirrer is a subordinate figure in the composition. She a vapory agure sitting in the chimney corner, while her haughty sisters, in their best bibs and tuckers, arayed for the prince's ball, with their dressing maid, ccupy the foreground and captivate the attention by their gorgeous garments. The sentiment of the picture nothing; you might look at it forever without receivng an emotion, or your feelings being disturbed by a ripple; but the exquisitely delicate imitation of silks elvets, and jewels is wonderful. But such art is poor and frivolous when compared with the rough, coarse, handling of pictures like that of Peele's, which we have oul with emotions of love and tenderness and makes you forget the hard-featured and sharp-angled circonstences of your daily life. Pictures are of little worth if they do no more than create a feeling of wonler at the skillful manipulation of the artist. -The rale of Mr. Leupp's pictures on Tuesday night

st, affords a pretty good indication of the prevalent taste for art. The really good paintings hardly brought the cost of their frames; but the "little birs" of landcapes and figures sold for a good deal more than they cost the original owner. Our artists should profit by the bint and paint little bits, instead of ambitiously striving to walk in the footsteps of Raphael and Michael Angelo. There is a very good reason for this preference for small pictures. They can be hung up and displayed to good advantage in the small apartments of ar dwelling-houses, while large pictures cannot be. The contrasts of some of the prices exhibit a caprice of taste in the purchasers for which it would be difficult to account in a satisfactory manner. Page's copy f Titian's portrait of the Duke d'Urbino, said to be so ike the superb original that it could not be distinguished from it, sold for \$55, while a little colorless ministure oil painting of Henry Clay brought \$75. The copy of Titian must have cost at least \$500, while Le miniature of Clay did not cost more than \$50. The pictures which brought the highest prices were those by Mount, and the landscapes by Cole. The Dance of the Haymakers," by the former, brought \$4:0, and was purchased by Mr. Walcott, and the Mountain Herd," by the latter, at \$875. Mr. Forrest nurchased Alston's "Katharine and Petruchio" at \$640, and Page's portrait of Bryant. The entire sale amountto \$9,235 50, quite as much, we presume, as the collection originally cost. The fact is worth pondering by our opulent citizens, that while their magnificent furniture will never sell for a quarter of its cost, their pictures, if purchased with tolerable discretion, will isually sell for more. If they spent less money on chairs and tables and more on pictures, their houses would not only be more attractive to their friends, but they would make a better investment of their money.

-The Artists' Fund Society is the name of a highly meritorious association which has recently been organzed in New-York, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of its members. The society grew out of the cry anccessful effort that was made to provide a fund or the benefit of the family of the late William Ranney, and the constitution of the association was adopted on the 6th of the present month. It now numbers 45 members, and they propose getting up an exhibition of pictures for the benefit of the fund in December. Mr. Elliot is the 1st Vice-President, Mr. V. Collyer the Secretary, and Mr. J. M. Falconer the Trensurer. As every number on subscribing to the constitution has to contribute a work of art worth at least \$50, and to contribute a work of the same value, or pay \$50, as a yearly subscription, it will not require a very large number of members, nor a very long time, to accumulate a very considerable fund. If a work contributed sell for more than \$100, the excess is paid to the artist contributing it. Members of the fand in need of assistance are among the objects of its charita-

between the two points in an air line is 135 m.les.

There are said to be three different climates on the Isthmus. In the plain of Teheantepec and along the Facific coast the rainy season sets in during the month of Jone and lasts until October, the warmest weather figure, illustrative of Hood's Song of the Shirt.

—Mr. H. P. Gray has a nearly finished picture on his carel, peculiarly adapted by its subject for the development of his sensuous love of color, and his talent for depicting lovely forms. It is the favorite one with painters, of Paris awarding the apple to Venus; and his manner of treating it deprives it of the objectionable character which it has generally assumed on canvaz. The two rival goddesses are not present, and Paris awards the golden prize, which he reaches to her, satisfied at the glimpse he obtains of the half-draped splender of the charms of the daughter of the sea that site is entitled to it. The figure is life-size, but a half-length, and nearly occupies the canvas.

-Mr. Edwin White has contributed a very nice little picture of a single figure to the Artists' Garbaldi Fund, which may be seen at Mr. Nichols's Gallery.

-Mr. E. D. Greene, whose specialty is female heads, has given up portraiture that he may devote himself to the class of ideal subjects in which he excels.

-Mr. George L. Brown has commenced a picture.

-Mr. George L. Brown has commenced a picture of a size corresponding with his "New-York at Sunrise," embracing a wide view of White Mountain scenery.

-We give up to "Guppi," whose "brief bistory" of Dubufe's Adam and Eve appeared in THE TRIBUSE on Friday. We were incredulous as to the traditionary eports of the great financial successes of the original ictures when they were exhibited here a quarter of a entury ago. "All the newspapers, especially, The New-York American," says Guppi, " puffed the paintngs terribly. Charles Fenno Hoffman wrote columns f criticism. The Episcopal Bishop and thirty clergymen of note gave certificates that they were purely Scriptural. All the congregations visited them." The Episcopal Bishop," it may be well to remember, was Bishop Onderdonk. If thirty clergymen of note certified that the Adam and Eve were "purely Scriptural," we are bound to believe them; but we know from personal observation that the present pictures are imurely treated and not in the least Scriptural. New-York knows more about pictures now than it did twenty-five years ago; and if it has not improved in morals, it undoubtedly has in taste.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

THE PANIC : .GNS-FUBLIC OPINION-NEW-JERSEY
AND DELAWARE-LOCAL TOPICS.
From Our Own Correspondent.

Elne Monday comes, according to old experi-

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 15, 1860,

ence, only once a week. But up to this writing, every day since Sunday has been tinged with blue. Yesterday was somewhat exceptional; there was more daylight at the Stock Board, but out of doors the monetary sky was like brass. Money was difficult to be had at any price. It was everywhere lying loose around, but holders refused to part with it. Last week, our banks curtailed over \$600,000, and this week it is understood they are contracting even more heavily. Other institutions are demanding the return of call loans, and our two sensation journals are eagerly clutching at every wild improbability they can scare up by telegraph from the South. Timid people are alarmed by these telegraphic lies, which require days to contradict, and so go to selling out and hourding. The shock to public confifidence thus thoughtlessly and most wrongfally given by journalists who certainly know that they are every norning and evening working gross in-jury to the community, shows itself at the Stock Board, where the fancies have come down with a pulverizing crash. Some of them will be quiet there or months to come. The best State and city bonds have shared in the depression. Moneyed men re-fuse to buy, waiting to see bottom. As to the brokers now carrying stocks on a margin, it cannot be done, for enpitalists decline collaterals, and pre-fer to buy on their own hook when the turning point comes. When that happy moment arrives, stocks will mount upward as on wings of engles. But meantime, this political panic is working its full share of damage to numerous interests. Prices are down at the cattle markets, and mercantile business is very dull. At one machine shop whose wares are sold only in the South, they told me yesterday they were taking on more hands, but at others the stery is that some are being discharged. ruth is that people are frightened, not hurt. The De-mocracy have fied so sturdily to the South touching the character and objects of Mr. Lincoln, knowing, moreover, that all was false, that they now find themselves taken at their word. The South beieves them, and hence the trouble. To shirk this responsibility, their journals here are impudently calling on him to give some sign or token, a word only, of his intention to do the very justice which, pledged himself. Two parties here who, to my certain knowledge, have the ear and full confidence of Mr. Buchanan, told me the other day not to sell stocks-that things would come right sooner than was expected Delaware and New-Jersey constitute two prob-

lems. The latter was bowed down with mortifica-

tion at the shame of losing Pennington and permit-

ting Fusion to succeed. Both events were sore

grievances, over which the Democracy rejoiced beisterously, for a time at least. But the laugh is now the contrary way, New-Jersey having turned up with four votes for Lincoln. As to the Bell party in that region, they now see how completely they were used by the Democracy, and how effect-ually they were sold, also at the cheapest possible price. Their leaders, once Whigs and then Americans, have since gone over to the Democracy, turn cut in their parades, and illuminate their houses when the said parades pass by. But the compensa-tion for some of this shame at losing Pennington comes unexpectedly from Delaware. We knew that change was going on among her people, and though we hoped for much, yet we have done better. In 18.6, Delaware gave Fremont only 208 votes, while Buchanan and Fillmore received 14,179. But now Lincoln has polled 3,825, while all others have only 12,236, the total being 16,061, or only 1,476 more than the vote of 1856. Thus the People's party there have gained the whole of this increase, and more than 2,300 from the old party. Here is a momentum which must be irresistible within the next four years, unless lost by misgovernment in high places. As it is, this People's party have cleated Fisher to Congress, knowing that he would there act with Mr. Lincoln. Wherever schools have been extensively planted, the Democracy die out. New Castle has more of these than any other county, so, though it gave Buchanan 800 majority in 1856, it this year left him in a minority of 1,370. This county also zealously opposed the lottery interest, as another of these gigantic humbugs will be fought for from the next Legislature. Ben Wood, your new Congressman, has a grant-Wood, Eddy & Co.-which expires in 1802, and they want it renewed. Now this Legislature is divided, or tied, one party having the Senate, the other baving the House. Lottery or no lottery had a good deal to do in some places, and money was spent freely on this issue, while more was no doubt promised. In fast, the lottery question was sometimes a more absorbing one than politics, and some revelations are likely to be made touching the scandaleus corruptions supposed to have been practiced to procure the last grant a year ago. That grant was made to France, Broadbent & Co. of Baltimore for twenty years for a bonus of about \$35,000 per annum. But these parties have quarreled, and Broadbent, who drove the contract through the I egislature, now threatens to show up the dark secrets of that engineering. France now cautions all persons against receiving or negotiating the following promissory notes, signed in the name of France, Broadbent & Co., or R. France & Co.:

Stephen Gerard's estate furnishes as much aid and comfort to the lawyers as Trinity Church itself. A new bill in equity has been filed by the heirs for the recovery of all the Girard estates now held by the city, except such as may be needed to maintain the College. The bill covers 49 printed pages, and denies that the city is able to execute the provisions